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Ancient Poetry

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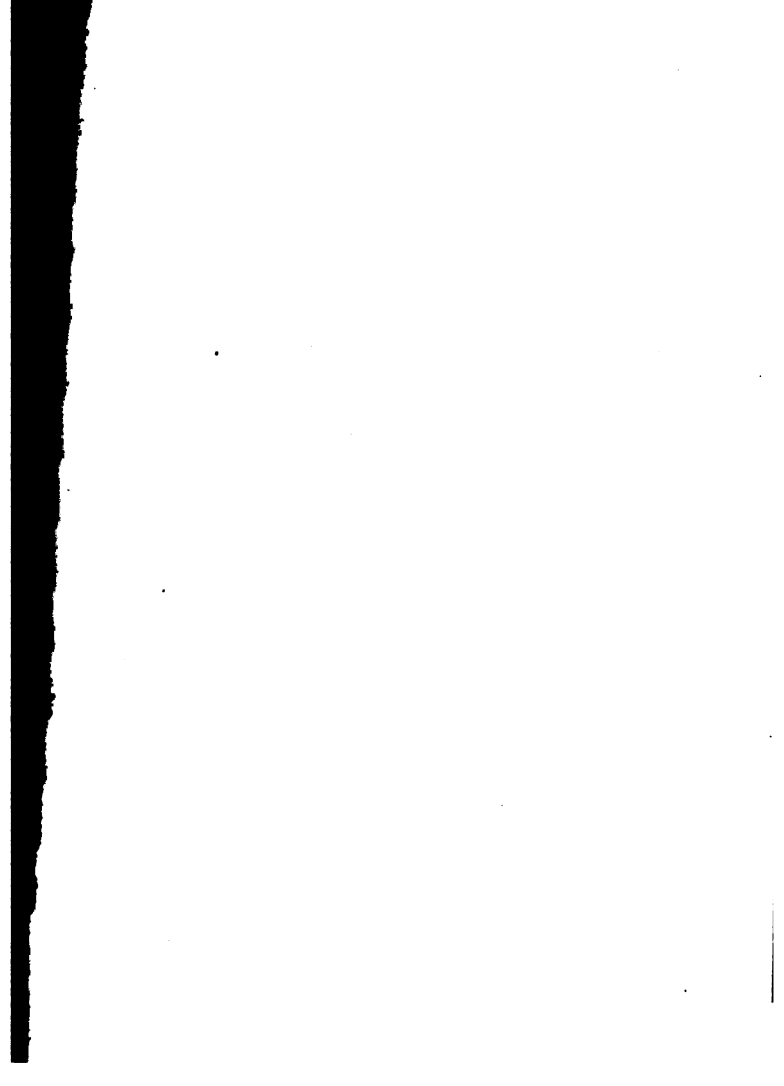
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SIXTH EDITION

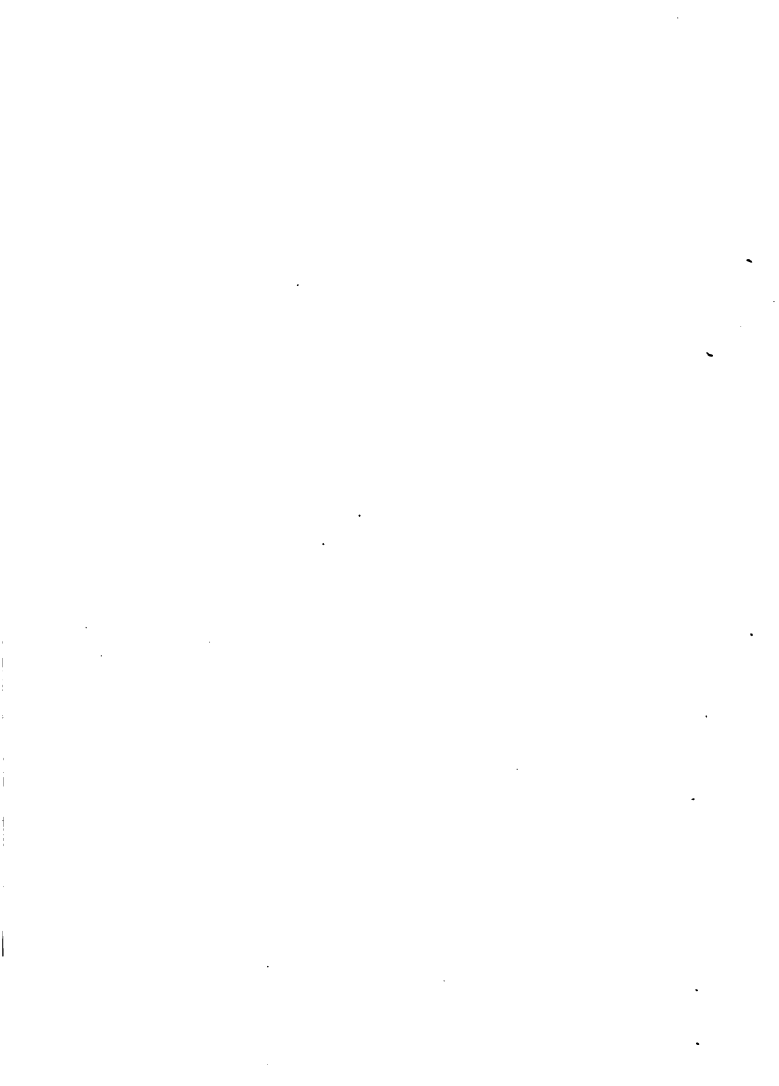
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Ancient Poetry

Revised and Modernized by

J. EDWARD BOYD, B. B. B.

Professor of Trunkology, Graduate of Sing
Sing, and Lecturer on How to Rope a
Trunk and Honswogle
the Owner

ALSO

HIS VIEWS ON POETRY

ANCIENT AND MODERN

FIFTH EDITION

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BERKELEY, CAL.

1905



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*Entered at the Post-office as first-class
matter. Well, I should say so.*

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PREFACE

In answer to a lot of feeble-minded friends I have been compelled to issue another edition of this magnificent work. It has been not only a labor of love—but also a job to pay the printer. With no extended remarks I might add a few complimentary words I have received from distinguished personages.

MAIN

Simply slumgacious—ADALINA PATTI

Shiver my topsails, but it's better than lob-scouse—ADMIRAL DEWEY

Good as ten years in San Quentin—

JIMMY HOPE

What a nerve Boyd has got—

HENRY SCHELLHAUS

The choicest work in my panjamas—

AGUANALDO

Enough to make a man "look on the wine when it is red"—GOVERNOR PENNOYER

And thousands of others—when I have time to invent them.



BERKELEY'S BOY POET

Berkeley has many attractions, but none of which she is more proud of than our "Boy Poet"—a sweet-faced youth of 60 summers—who may be found at Berkeley Station at all times of day, where his youthful beauty often attracts the attention of strangers and visitors. The following lines show his youthful genius:

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
childhood,

Of pleasant old Berkeley that I used to know,
The gas tank, the planing mill, the old China
wash-house,

The sweet-smelling mud-holes where wild
weeds did grow.

The old corner grocery store kept by Uucle Joe,
And his loud-talking driver who had such
big feet;

The old Golden Sheaf where we bought coffee
and sinkers,

And the old poky horse-car on Addison street.

How oft at the noon hour when the whistles
loud did blow

Did I hasten home to eat a cold feed,

As gaily I sauntered down this well-beloved
road,

How pleasant to smell the fragrant tar-weed.

But those bright days have gone, never more
to come again -

Never more shall the sidewalk be trod by my
feet,

Never more shall I see the bright scenes of my
childhood

Or the poky old horse-car on Addison street.

How oft in my childhood I've "nipped" on the
horse-car

To hear Mr. Morehead—How he did rip,
curse and swear,

And when he got done with his shouting and
spouting,

He'd say, "You can't ride unless you have a
nickel for fare."

But no more those bright days when the world
looked so rosy,

This earth seemed a heaven and all things
looked sweet,

But they've faded away, those bright scenes of
my childhood,

With the poky old cars on Addison street.

Trunkology in Berkeley

Was ever any Expressman sent

To a house in town, and when he went

Did the landlady ever fail to bawl—
‘Don’t you put no scratches on that wall’?

Whenever you go to a home for a trunk
They certainly imagine that you are drunk,
For they never fail to loudly bawl—
“Don’t put no scratches on that wall.”

I’ve found it so, and I’m proud to say
I’ve handled baggage for many a day;
But no sooner I’ve entered into the hall
Than they loudly scream, ‘Don’t scratch the
wall.”

You may do your best and strive to please
Till your body is weak from head to knees,
And still some female loud will call—
“Be careful how you mark the wall.”

It would drive a man unto strong drink
(When he is so tired he cannot think)
To hear again the same old call—
“My goodness, how you’ve marked the wall.”

When through at last, at home to rest,
And striving to do your level best,
And tired out, into bed you crawl
To dream all night of that scratched wall.

This thing is getting worse than bad—
It’s enough to drive Expressmen mad.
Even the *Sheenies* have the gall
To yell, “Dont from dot baper took der vall.”

But boys, when life's moving days are o'er
And you're *checked* right through to Heaven's
 bright shore,
The angels, they will gently call—
"Come in, and never mind the wall."

History of Poetry

AS the years swiftly glide by it is sad to note that publishers take unwonted liberties with some of our most cherished poetry. not only changing the wording but conveying a totally different idea from the original manuscript. Take for instance that grand old poem "Jack and Jill." Why, publishers of the present day assert with the most unblushing effrontery that their errand up the hill was to obtain water, while it is well known to all readers of ancient history that the parents of Jack and Jill were accustomed to "looking on the wine when it was red," and it was no unfrequent thing to "Rush the Growler" when they happened to have the necessary "short bit" to make the purchase with. Of late years

it has become the fashion to hide the fact that the children's errand was to purchase some steam beer. While the writer cannot deny that temperance is a virtue, he must also acknowledge the truth of the saying of General Burgoyne, on the field of Saratoga, when he uttered the following well-known words, "A glass of beer goes mighty fine on a hot day;" and right here, without extra cost, I intend to favor my readers with the true version of—

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get some steam beer, I guess;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
While nipping on Boyd's Express.

The writer's sole idea in printing this literary gem is to supply a long-felt want, and to correct a growing tendency to mislead the rising generation by publishing a true version of the delightful ballads of our childhood's days—not the mutilated and sawed-of corrections of these latter-day *soi-distant* poets. Take

for example that touching refrain which pleased and soothed us in our infancy—

Mother, may I go down to the beach?

Yes, my darling Bess—

If you feel too lazy to walk,

Why, charter BOYD'S EXPRESS.

Instead of which some antedeluvian fossil has transmogrified those pathetic lines as follows—

Mother, may I go down to the beach?

Yes, my darling Mag,

If you've mislaid your bathing suit,

Why, wrap yourself in a rag.

And still another paralyzed poet brings into the cold, unfeeling world the following melodious mixture—

Mother, may I go down to the beach?

Yes, my darling Addie,

But if you get your tootsies wet

I'll spank your little paddie.

Again, look at that soul-stirring poem of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck." Not one person in a thousand can recite the lines correctly. For the benefit of our numerous patrons we insert it—

Bold Boyd stood on the burning deck
And for help he telephoned—
"Oh! Central, sound the fire alarm,
"Our ship is burning," he groaned,
"Ring in an alarm, and do it quick,
No other is on board her!"
But all the answer that he got, was—
"The line is out of order."

Mary Had a Little Lamb

And still another mutilated poem comes floating over our brain-pan. We refer to that too-utterly-too-sweet refrain of "Mary and Her Lamb." The occurrence took place during the Civil War, and the following lines were published in the Monthly Review, probably written by some one who didn't know a lamb from a lobster—

Mary had a little lamb—
The lamb got in the pound,
And to get her sweet pet out,
Poor Mary she was bound.

Her mother called the poundman up—
"Let him feed the lamb some grain,"
But all the answer she got was—
"Line's busy, please call again."

After reading the foregoing it must be
a source of great pleasure to read the
original, as follows—

Mary had a little lamb,
That lamb it was a fool,
It followed her to camp one day
Instead of going to school.

And as it passed the picket-line
The sentry paid no heed,
For some one is sure to gobble him up
And we'll have a bully feed.

And soon a soldier raised his gun
When he saw the welcome sight,
And as he fired he shouted out
"We'll have roast lamb to-night."

How good the soldiers all did feel
When they smelt that mutton stew—
Some, they ate a big pan full,
And some they gobbled two.

"What makes your men love mutton so?"
The people all did cry,
"Because they're tired of pork and beans"
The Colonel did reply.

"It is too bad," the children cried,
For Mary to lose her lamb,"
But our soldier boys did have a feed
And she did n't care a—ham.

Royal Entertainment

Some years ago I was invited to a musical entertainment given at Windsor Castle, England, at which were present not only all the members of the royal family, but also a great many of the nobility of Great Britain. On that occasion I read, amid terrific applause, this touching poem—

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And wonder where they can be found.
She hunted east, she hunted west
And through the U. C. grounds.
And sad to say if it is true,
It surely is a pity—
They say that Boyd has stole the sheep
And sold it in the city.

And as an encore I recited
Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog some grub,
She fell down and broke her neck
By tripping over a tub.
“Plague take the dog,” she madly cried,
“I’ll tie him with a rope
And keep him there for the next six weeks
While I feed him with soft soap.”

I shall never forget the delight I experienced when I first read the following touching sonnet by my old friend "Billy the Kid." I felt as if I would like to shake his hand—and borrow two bits off him—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who to himself hath never said
When he sees the pretty girls of Kellogg school,
Don't you wish you were younger? you old fool.

If such there be, may he droop and fade
And wind up in marrying an old maid—
The very opposite of a High school girl
Whose cheeks are roses and teeth are pearl.

One of the most pathetic pieces of poetic gush I ever read is as follows: To my great regret, though I have looked through all the high-toned college and prison libraries, I have been unable to learn the name of the author or to discover whether he was insane or drunk when he inscribed his name on the Roll of Fame by writing the following—

Immortal Verse

As I was walking in the U. C. ground
Who do you think came driving round?

Just as the Sophs lined up to muster—
Along came BOYD, THE BAGGAGE BUSTER.

Said I, "Mr. B. what is the news?
Now spit it out and don't refuse.
People do say, with all your knowledge
You should be Big Chief of Stanford College."

"There is no news," Bold Boyd replied—
Just jump in and take a ride.
How my wife would kick if she could see
Those girls making goo-goo eyes at me.

It is not best she should be too wise
And hear about those goo-goo eyes,
For how unhappy she would be
If she knew the girls were in love with me."

During the late successful war with Spain, when the continuous defeat of the Spanish foes on land and sea brought gloom and disappointment over the Castillian court and people, none had the "blues" worse than the Queen. Every effort was made to cheer and arouse her without avail. One afternoon, when the court physicians were consulting on the perilous state of the queen's health and planning some means to arouse her, the

young Prince Alfonzo (the queen's only son) burst into the room, crying out—
"O, Mama ! your majesty! I am a poet!"
The queen read the following lines which greatly pleased her and, as the doctors said, did her more good than two bottles of horse medicine. At great expense I have procured a translation of this tender poem which is here inserted without extra charge—

I wished to talk to a friend one day
To inquire about a lady boarder,
But as quick as I said Dana 962,
Central said, "That line is out of order."

I went to telephone to a friend next night
And I was in a pickle—
I had nothing but five frank in gold
And Central said, "Drop a nickel"

I ran to the Queen and borrowed five cents,
Although it was pouring rain,
And as I dropped the nickel in the slot
I heard, "Busy. Call again."

I think the best thing I can do
Before my brain gets into a whirl,
Is to buy a telephone of my own
And marry a telephone girl.

From an Unknown Author

I would do an act of injustice to both my readers and the directors of the British Museum did I fail to insert the following beautiful poem—said to have been written by Billy Shakespeare when he had the delirium tremendous—

The shades of night were falling fast
When through the town of Berkeley passed
A youth who dressed not over nice,
But on his cap the strange device—
BOYD'S EXPRESS.

A lady went to the telephone
To make to Boyd her wishes known,
And said "Please give me Stuart 81,"
No sooner asked for than t'was done.
There's no delay, as you may guess
When people call for BOYD'S EXPRESS

I have never been able to positively discover the name of the author.

Among the many interesting manuscripts unearthed from the catacombs of Egypt is the following pathetic effusion discovered by Mrs. Carrie Nation while

searching among the ruins for traces of an Oriental "Blind Pig," and presented to the author by that eminent lady, the title of which is—

The Wise Men of Berkeley

Said Trustee Brown to Trustee White,
What ordinance shall we pass to-night?
There'll be no excitement and no fun—
No protests to hear about street work done.
We passed a law about the butcher cart,
I heard it broke Mike Fischel's heart.
On bicycle riding we passed a law
And our attorney says it has no flaw.
But some new law we must introduce
Or the people will raise the very deuce.
I have it now, said Trustee Briggs,
We'll make the expressmen move their rigs.
We'll make a law to "beat the band"
And on Wild-cat creek we'll let 'em stand.
Said Trustee Gray, If I might speak,
Better move them on to Grizzly-peak.
Said Trustee Payne, What are they worth?
We had better fire them "off the earth."
Said Trustee Smith, It would be well
To send the whole derved crowd to—

(No more ink)

Flood on Center Street

One of the most soul-moving pieces of poetry it was ever my good fortune to read was written by an uncouth, uneducated Expressman of Berkeley who actually did not seem to know enough to steal eggs.

The circumstances were as follows: Along in the early eighties a gentleman named B—— kept a Boys' Boarding School on Atherton Street. One day some of the boys got the idea that it would advance their education to have a "Beer Bust," and engaged the Expressman to purchase one ten-gallon keg of beer which he was to keep at his home until the boys called for it in the evening. Now, Mr. B—— had got wind of the affair and lay hidden in a dark corner watching the transaction. As soon as the boys started up the street with the keg, Mr. B—— rushed out. The boys dropped the keg and ran. Mr.—— first stopped to turn the faucet, and allowing the beer to run into the gutter,

started after them. We will let the poetical Expressman finish the story—

O the beer! the beautiful beer!

It flowed upon the sidewalk so bright and so
clear,

And the silent stars wept and the moon shed
a tear

To see such a waste of the beautiful beer.

As B—disappeared I had the keg righted,
And glancing around, not one of them sighted,
And into the cellar I soon did disappear
With about seven gallons of beautiful beer.

Now here's to old B— and his gay boys so
frisky,

I hope they'll stear clear of beer, rum and
whiskey;

But boys, don't worry, and never have fear,
For I'll get away with your beautiful beer.

Possibly my readers will feel inclined
to doubt my words, but this Expressman
still lives and is as handsome as ever.

The author of the following lines is
unknown. Tennyson claimed them, By-
ron claimed them, as did Aguinaldo,
Billy the Kid and several other authors

of renown. The professor hesitates to give his views on so important a subject.

Who is this crowd from Stanford town?
They look so sad, with eyes cast down;
From Palo Alto to play ball
They come, and show immaculate gall.
Beware! Beware! their friends all cried—
The U. C. boys will "tan your hides."

It was a happy crowd came down
On that bright day from Stanford town.
They came from 'Frisco to play ball,
But met defeat and feel quite small.
Too bad! too bad! And they all cried,
The U. C. boys have "tanned our hide."

Now Stanfordite, don't be a fool,
But go way back to Jordan's school;
Obey your teachers, great and small—
Don't dream you ever can play bail.
Remain at home at your country side,
Or a U. C. boy will "tan your hide."

So when to Stanford back you go
With faces sad and full of woe,
No flags will wave, no music play,
And all will feel bad and regret the day
When they went away—our joy and pride—
For the U. C. boys did "tan their hides."

A Great Discovery

While we have found many friends to help and encourage us in our endeavor to bring this priceless gem into the literary world—others have not been so accommodating.

A few months ago we learned that there was in the U. C. Library an unpublished poem said to have been written by Napoleon the Great during his imprisonment at St. Helena. On account of the great jealousy of the English government this beautiful lyric was smuggled from the island and finally reached the U. C. Library and, greatly to our surprise, when we requested leave to copy it, we were refused, and told that "it could not leave the building." We then offered to come there with our typewriter and three bottles of "Mile limit" and treat the crowd. But No. We were informed that the U. C. authorities did not allow tramps around the buildings, and it was not until we brought the powerful influence of our friend, Mr. James Potatoes, Professor of

Broomology and Janitor of North Hall to bear, that we could gain access to the manuscript. Professor Potatoes accompanied us over to the Library and said, "Librarian, by dad, if ye don't let my friend B—— see that paper, be jabers I'll let your fire go out." The threat was enough. The venerable document was quickly produced and we here present it to our readers. It is entitled—

The Poetical Congress

A meeting was called by learned men one day
To hear the opinions, and let each have his say
To settle a question no one could decide—
Who was the Boss Poet of all the world wide.

The wise men of England did Shakespeare
uphold,
Until up spoke a German with voice loud and
bold,
Vots der matter, he said, you certainly must be
villing
To admit dare vas never a poet like Schilling.
Then up jumped a Frenchman, I'd have you to
know it
That France has produced full many a poet:

There was Hugo, Beranger and Monsieur
Racine
Whose poetry pleased both peasant and queen.
Then up spoke bold Scottie whose face red did
turn—
Did ye ever hear tell o' my freen Robbie Burn?
Be japers, said Pat, not wan a good poet—
Tom Moore bates them all I' have ye to
know it.

Then spoke up Ah Sing—a learned Chinaman,
You sabe Confucius—he neber play tan,
But he potry make velly good, velly nicey—
All Chinamen read when he eat he ricey.

Then up spoke our President, a man of great
knowledge,
Who came to the meeting right straight from
our College,
Said he—You poor fellows, have you never
enjoyed
That beautiful poetry written by Boyd?

So pleased were they when they heard the name
And that Boyd was climbing up the pillar of
fame,

They decided at once, to the credit of our nation,
That Boyd, as a poet, beat the rest of creation,
And that none other his place could ever take,
And that Boyd, as a poet, captured the cake.

So Boyd's the boss poet of the whole Yankee
nation
And the Boss Baggage-buster of Berkeley Station

Railroad Agent's Nightmare

What means this look so forlorn and sad
Which comes over the ticket agent's face
As on the approach of the train now due
At the window he takes his place?
He knows he'll hear the same old gag
Which he's heard both day and night
As some female pokes her face right in
And says, "Is that clock just right?"
Five thousand times within the last year
The same old question has been sprung—
It has been asked all hours of day
By middle-aged, old and young.
How oft the agent's heart feels faint
And his face turns pale with fright
When some one shoves his mug right in
And says, "Is that clock just right?"
Poor agent, I know how bad you feel—
You'd like to yell and swear
As you answer that question day after day
While they regard you with a stare.
It's enough to wear your patience out
And you should yell with all your might—
"Yes, damn it, if you want to know,
That clock is *always* right."

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

What is the matter, my pretty May?
You mind your biz, sir, she did say;
Don't bother me, my brain's in a whirl
Since George made a mash on the telephone girl.

He comes at night and stays quite late,
I bid him good bye at the garden gate. ~
Does he go straight home? Ah! I'm afraid
He has fixed a date with the telephone maid.

Oh! George, Oh! George, my heart will break
If this "Hello girl" you do not shake.
Is it true what I heard said—
You will "fly the coop" with the telephone
maid?

For George, you remember you promised me
That in the spring we wedded should be;
And I feel sad, and my feelings hurt
When you "chew the rag" with the telephone
flirt.

So George, take care and go straight home,
And promise me you no more will roam,
Or go down town and get too gay
Awalking around with that telephone jay.

And George, kiss me, and tell me true
That you will shake the telephone crew,
And by my side you'll be each night
And speak no more to the telephone flirt.

The "Vigilante Oak" on Allston Way

Aye, cut it down, this old landmark,
'Tis but a relic of the past,
Though for ages it has stood
The storm-king's wintry blast.

What though it sprang from mother-earth
Ere the white man reached this land,
Before kind earth did yield its gold
To the grasping Gringo's hand.

No matter if an outlaw met his death
By Judge Lynch's stern decree—
No matter if the court was held
Beneath the old oak tree.

No matter of the statement made
By one of Berkeley's sages;
No matter if the wise Le Conte
Said, 'tis a relic of past ages.

Aye, cut it down, ye ruthless sons
Of Berkeley's lovely clime;
Aye, cut it down and burn it up—
It has outlived its time.

BOYD—the Boss Crank of Berkeley

MYRTLE'S PLAGUY CORN

Myrtle had a little corn
Upon her little toe
And every time that Myrtle stepped
That corn did hurt her so.

She let her ma do all the work
And would not wash a dish;
And when mama said, Please make your bed,
She boldly said—"Go fish."

But at all balls and parties too
She always could be found,
And not a Sunday but she went
To the picnic at Shell Mound.

She wanted to go to the fireman's dance—
Still, she knew she hadn't oughter,
But she soaked that corn for two long hours
In vinegar and hot water.

But when she pulled her slipper on
Upon that little foot,
She felt the pain of that darn corn
Away down to the root.

When her pardner asked her to dance
Upon the well-waxed floor,
The plaguy corn did hurt her so
It almost made her roar.

Why do you make that awful face?
Her pardner he did say.
You mind your biz, poor Myrtle said,
And don't you get too gay.

The next dance is a peach, he said—
I wouldn't miss it for a dollar,
But, Jimmy Crips! when Myrtle stood up,
It almost made her holler.

You should not wear such small shoes,
The young man said again;
Go screw your nut, poor Myrtle cried—
Your chin gives me a pain.

Will you let me see that darling corn?
Said the young man, with a sigh.
Go chase yourself around the block,
Poor Myrtle did reply.

Now Myrtle goes to hops no more,
For she finds it will not pay,
She has turned over a new leaf
And joined the Y. M. C. A.

JAPAN'S PROMISE

We are coming, Mr. School Trustee, about
seventy-five or eighty more;
We are coming, dear directors, from Japan's
pagan shore—
We are coming to gay Berkeley, a town upon
the bay,
Where a poor Jap gets free schooling for which
the people pay.
Why your people are such greenies, we don't
quite understand,
As to give free education to the Japs from
Japan land;
To pay all the taxes, cause them to toil with
might and main,

And it looks as if the Yankees had these poor
Japs on the brain.

But don't worry, Berkeley people, for we will
fill your schools,
And be thankful to our idols that the Yankees
are such fools.

All we want is a job washing dishes night and
morn,

And if your short on taxes—why put your
watch in pawn?

Praise the gods we've struck a land where the
people are such fools

As to give to us, smart Japies, the freedom of
their schools.

The people they may kick when they come to
pay the tax,

But if we wash their dishes, what more can
they ax?

So now, good Berkeley people, keep your pub-
lic schools a going,

And our jolly Japanese boys will fill them to
overflowing;

And if there is no room for the children of your
race—

Why, let them stay at home and we will take
their place.

Written by the cute little Jap who
attends the Berkeley school.

RICHMOND ON THE JEEMS

A soldier of Jeff. Davis lay dead drunk at Ball's
Bluff,

His canteen was nearly empty, for he'd drank a
pile of stuff—

A comrade was beside him, and he too lay
stretched out,

But he bent with pitying glances to hear what
the other fellow might shout.

The drunken hobo staggered as he took that
comrade's hand,

Saying—If I don't get off this jag I shan't see
my own, my native land.

Take a message to my home—it is not as far as
it seems—

For I was born at Richmond—calm Richmond
on the Jeems.

My father was a soldier, and often when a kid,
My heart felt gay to hear him tell of the awful
things he did,

And when he turned his toes up and was planted
'neath the green,

I let them take what else they would, but kept
the old canteen.

When I left my old home about ten months ago
My ma and sister Ruby both said I shouldn't go,
But I ax'd all my friends to think of me in
dreams,

For I was bound to fight the Yanks upon the
river Jeems.

And his comrade took another drink and
quietly he turned o'er,
And, pulling his cap o'er his eyes, straightway
began to snore,
Forgetful of war's alarms or love's delightful
dreams—
He dreamt that Lee had licked the Yanks upon
the river Jeems.
But soon the Yanks advanced their lines and
the two were gathered in
And sent to Johnson's Island without a drop
of gin.
Then said No. 1 to No. 2, Oh! dear, how hard it
seems,
I wish I was back in Richmond, upon the river
Jeems.

WELCOME TO UNION VETERANS

Written for the G. A. R. Encampment
held in San Francisco August 1903

Welcome! Union Veterans, welcome!
Welcome to our college town,
We have heard in song and story
Of your deeds when our flag was down.
How you fought to save "old glory"
When by erring sons disgraced,
Then you marched to save the nation—
On Freedom's brow a crown you placed.

Welcome ! Union Veteran, welcome !

**Welcome to this sun-kissed land,
You have fought to save the Union—
We extend a welcome hand.**

**You have bravely faced the danger—
Have heard the cannon's deadly roar;
You have seen your comrades falling—
Their gaze fixed on heaven's bright shore.**

Welcome ! Union Veteran, welcome !

**To the fairest spot on earth ;
Thou hast made the home of freedom
On the land that gave me birth.**

**As we read the page of history—
Of Five Forks, Shiloh, Vicksburg too,
We pray "God bless the Union soldier"—
May thy days be long and troubles few.**

Welcome ! Union Veteran, welcome !

**Welcome, boys of sixty-one,
You have stood the storm of battle
From Appomatox to Bull Run.**

**As we read of fields of danger
Where you marched to meet the foe—
Bearing Freedom's flag triumphant ;
We now reap what you did sow.**

Welcome ! Union Veteran, welcome !

**Welcome to our town, so gay—
This is the spot the poet dreamed of
Where "the star of empire wends its way."**

No more shall your order meet in Berkeley,
For its race on earth is nearly run, [us
But we'll make you welcome while you're with
You fighting boys of sixty-one.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

Long years ago men's passions were rife
And both sides called for war—
Political tricksters then took up the row
And fought with both tongue and jaw.
But those crafty ones didn't rush to the field
Nor arm themselves for the fray,
But left the fighting to be done
By men who wore blue and gray.
Four long years dread war's alarms
Shook our country to the core
And we rejoiced, both North and South,
When those terrible days were o'er.
Our friends felt pleased on our return,
And happy was the day
When our soldier boys came marching home
And took off the blue and gray.
Long years rolled by—blue and gray at rest
And peace had long held reign
When Spain commenced her dirty tricks
By blowing up the Maine.

Again the bugle sounded war's alarm—
Our boys hastened to the fray—
No one asked where their fathers fought,
Or whether they wore blue or gray.

We honor the men who wore the blue
And those who wore the gray,
And the time for questioning has gone past—
On what side did you fight that day?

You "walloped us sweet, you Southland boys,
And we gave you "Jessie" too,
For American boys are the devil to fight —
Whether wearing the gray or blue.

Then here's to the gray and to the blue
Who fought long years ago,
And on many a southern battle field
The crimson tide did flow.

Those days are past and gone, comrades,
Old friendships we'll renew,
And we don't care a "hang" as we shake hands
Whether you wore gray or blue.

But one thing, comrades, let us all steer clear
Whatever else we may do—
Of 'political sharps' who 'shoot off their mouth'
About loving the gray and the blue.

For when election day has come and gone
They have nothing more to say— [fought
They don't give a 'whoop' on which side you
Or whether you wore blue or gray.

THE GOVERNMENT MULE

Have you read the sad story of Charley O'Toole
Who was shot by the heel of a government mule?
He was the best scholar in our village school
And he didn't give a whoop for a government
mule.

'Twas down at the fort where Ben Butler did rule
And Charley was chief chambermaid to a gov-
ernment mule.

While buckling the croupier, this dod-gasted
old mule

Kicked the brains galley west of poor Charley
O'Toole.

Oh! Charley, my darling, why was you such a
fool

As to get in the rear of a government mule.

It may be all right to die for 'old glory,'

But to die by a mule is a different story.

So, comrades, be careful and make it a rule

To keep to windward of a government mule.

And should one heave in sight, be steady and
cool

And avoid the sad fate of poor Charley O'Toole.

Blood and brains mixed together lay mixed in
a pool

And its all that was left of poor Charley O'Toole,

So here lies the body of Charley O'Toole

Who was hit by the starboard battery of a gov-
ernment mule.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'T was down on a southern streamlet
Where silver waters did flow—
On one side camped we Yankees,
On the other, our southern foe.
The western sun was setting
And night was drawing near,
The pickets paced their lonely beats—
Stout hearts that had no fear.
From out the gathering shades of night
Came the music of a band,
And a cheer rose from the southland boys
At the sound of "Dixie Land."

The challenge was accepted
And our band began to play—
The moon rose in the heavens
And the scene was bright as day,
But all the world seemed gayer
And everything looked bright
As we heard "O! say can you see" by the
day's gray dawn
If our flag be still in sight?

What a cheer rose from Yankee throats
As the grand old hymn was played,
But our southern foes soon answered us,
To show they were not dismayed;

And clear the stirring notes we heard
 Echoing from hill and crag,
Of that well-known air the Johnnies loved—
 "Hurrah for our Bonnie Blue Flag."

The cheer scarce died from rebel throats
 Ere our band tuned up again
And soon there floated o'er the camp
 That well-remembered strain—
A song we sung both night and day,
 And we sang with true devotion,
And Yankee throats yelled loud and strong
 ' Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean.'

Night was drawing near—taps close at hand,
 Both bands had ceased to play,
As though the boys had gone to rest
 To prepare for another day;
But soon there arose from the southern camp,
 Echoing from earth to dome,
That tender air we loved so well—
 That good old "Home, Sweet Home."

Our band joined in with the southern band
 In the song we loved so well,
And as they played of "Home, Sweet Home"
 Both sides began to yell.
We thought of home and mother, too,
 As determined no more to roam,
And both sides sang when the music ceased,
 How "Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

Lost Poem Deals on a Live Subject

The following beautiful poem was picked up at Berkeley station. The owner may gain possession of it by calling at the office of the Expressmen's Union.

Come all you Berkeley expressmen and list to
what I say,
Don't get in the road of the carmen while driving
on Bancroft way.
For if you do you'll have a smash and soon
repent the day
You ever had the impudence to drive on Bancroft
way.

The street is very narrow—only about sixty
feet wide.
And the carmen want the middle while you
can take the side,
But look out when they come "kiting down"
though you may not hear the bell,
For if you don't quickly clear the track, they'll
knock your rig to—thunder.

They will knock you silly if you are in their
way,
And if you commence to "kick," they call you
a "country jay."

No matter how much damage done, these an-
gels do not care,
But simply shout, "Oh, close your trap" and
"get the hayseed out yer hair"

You may talk about free country and all that
sort of rot,
But, boy, be careful, take my advice, don't get
the carmen hot,
But keep your weather-eye lifted, now remem-
ber what I say,
And clear the track for the ding-a-ling when
driving on Bancroft way.

THE BLOOMIN CORONATION

Much sorrow was expressed during the summer of '03 when one of Berkeley's most distinguished citizens was recalled to his native land to assist in the coronation of King Edward VII. Great sorrow was manifested by his fellow townsmen, and a thrill of joy swept over the college town when the glad news was heralded that he was on his way to Berkeley and would soon be with us.

The Town Trustees ordered the poet-laureat to compose some verses for the joyful occasion.

What is this good news that we hear
As we pass by Berkeley Station,
That Sammy Wakeham was made a Lord
At the bloomin coronation.

How all our people will rejoice,
And shout and screech and roar
When Sammy puts his bloomin foot
On the Bloomin Yankee shore.

But the English King did a noble deed
When a Peer of Sam he did make um,
And now his cards read "werry swell"—
Houses painted by Lord Wakeham.

ON A HOOK AND EYE

I won't compete, and I'll tell you why
I have no use for a hook or an eye.
If I "bust a button," I simply grin
Until I get hold of a safety pin.
A fellow would be in a terrible mess
If he had a woman to hook his—dress.
A man will make all kinds of hitches
Ere asking a woman to button his breeches
And you can bet as sure as fate
She'd make a blunder and not button
straight.
So now you know the reason why
I want nothing to do with hook or eye.
For I should faint I do confess
If a woman asked me to hook her dress.

In conclusion, let me express the hope
that my readers may feel as much pleasure
in perusing this little gem as my
printers did when I planked down the
cash to pay for the printing. To be sure,
I had formed a plan to "stand them off."
But the other night, when I had retired
to my virtuous couch, and while sleeping
in childish innoeence, I had a fearful
dream. In my dream, a figure with clo-

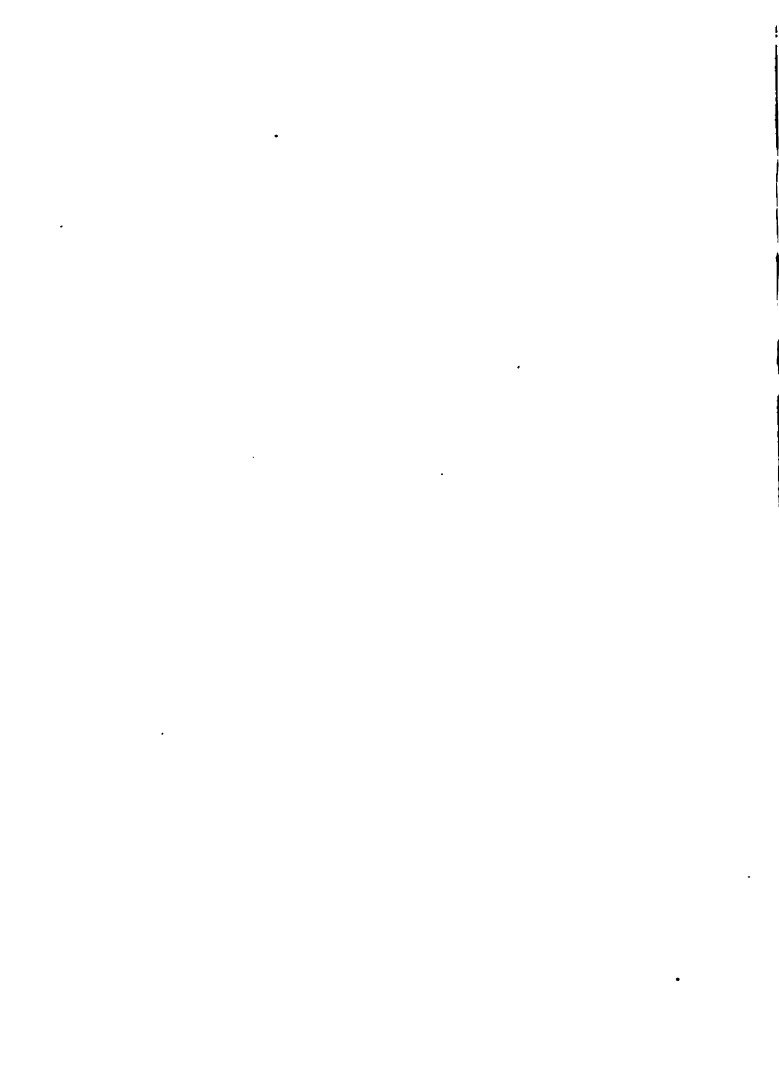
ven hoofs and horns on his head appeared at my bedside. In his hand he held a copy of this book and opening it read as follows—

I am sorry to say, sad is your case,
You'll go way back to the other place;
On such sad doings we must frown
As swindling the people of Berkeley town.
But one thing in your favor I will say—
You did not forget your printer to pay;
And you certainly did have lots of fun
While your silly book never hurt any one.

I have often heard of the printers' devil, but if the fellow I saw in my dream is a sample of their collecting agent I'll "ante up" without a visit from the party of the first part, his heirs, assigns, or any of his relatives.

J. EDWARD BOYD, B. B. B.

N. B. No flowers.







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